POEMS

BY

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

IN

THREE VOLUMES.

WITH LARGE

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

To which is prefixed the Life of the Author.

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CONTENTS

THE

CANDIDATE.

THE CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of Actors—let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtruſ, and ſtare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when theſe taſty days,
In juſtice to themſelves, allow'd thee praiſe;
When, at thy bidding, Senſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth;
Could'ſt Thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt Thou preſume t' enjoy that wealth ſhe gave;
Could'ſt Thou repine at laws ordain'd by Thoſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honeſty and trade,
By need made tradeſmen, Pride had Bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made Drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom Drink made Wits, tho' Nature made them Fools?
With ſuch, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,
To quit the ſtage; but men of real ſenſe,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since thou haſt left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of Authors—why, when ſcribblers fail,
Muſt other ſcribblers ſpread the hateful tale;
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a brother in diſtreſs?
Let thoſe, who boaſt th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.
Let thoſe, who without genius write, and write,
Verſemen or Proſemen, all in Nature's ſpite,
The pen laid down, their courſe of folly run,
In peace, unread, unmention'd be undone.
Why ſhould I tell, to croſs the will of fate,
That Francis once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on effuſion pour away,
With friendſhip, and with fancy trifle here,
Or ſleep in paſtoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all, with Dulneſs on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of Critics—let them, if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees.
Wide and extenſive be their infant State,
Their ſubjects many, and thoſe ſubjects great,
Whilſt all their mandates as ſound law ſucceed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What, though they lay th' realms of genius waſte,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taſte;

Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
Tho' Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
Against the Commonwealth of letters leagues;
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd th' realm.
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious malice make a worse,
To do our sense and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.

Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell, how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and, by destruction led,
O'er our fair England desolation spread,
Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition, plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river God, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.

Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings:
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen ly,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;

Henceforth, unwhipt of juſtice, uncontrol'd
By fear or ſhame, let Vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt Virtue's grone
Meets with compaſſion only from the Throne.

Enough of Patriots—all I aſk of man
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would thoſe, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine—Perſevere.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country ſell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging Muſe ſhall mark each trait'rous name;
But if, to honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country ſhall their fame record,
And I myſelf deſcend to praiſe a Lord.

Enough of Wilkes—with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But foſt'ring France ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit even of foes.

When the great Warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had denied.

Enough of Self—that darling, luſcious theme,
O'er which philoſophers in raptures dream;
On which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What man can from himſelf himſelf divide?
For me (nor dare I lie) my leading aim,
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who, prizing honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know freely ſpeak;
So thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know,
Let none of thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble genius, ſtill I dare to love,
Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living bluſh'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe, though great,
Pretending friendſhip to give malice weight,
Publiſh my life; let no falſe, ſneaking peer
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,

Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor foul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhiming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard, whilst his dinner's dress'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes;
Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my works, he cries,—Here Churchill lives.

Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhimes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms,
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They saw transmitted down from age to age,
Recorded villains, and each spotted name,
Branded with marks of everlasting shame;
Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avowd,
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court;
Prop'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;

When she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
When prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world, than reform the old,
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And, if she cannot cure, she will not wound.

Come, Panegyric—tho' the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold,
Yet mindful that from heav'n she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
Even at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design;
Whilst, Hayter brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject, and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own;
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe thro' passes yet unry'd.

Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the houſe of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow, and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praiſe.

What tho' no theme I chuſe of vulgar note,
Nor wiſh to write, as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, ſo meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What tho' a theme I chuſe, which might demand
The niceſt touches of a maſter's hand,
Yet, if the inward workings of my ſoul
Deceive me not, I ſhall attain the goal,
And Envy ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praiſing, and the patron prais'd.

What patron ſhall I chuſe? ſhall public voice,
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, ſeeking patriots, to friend Wildman's go?

To Wildman's, cried Diſcretion (who had heard
Cloſe ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To Wildman's! art thou mad? can'ſt thou be ſure
One moment there to have thy head ſecure?
Are they not all (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in Characters as black as hell,
In Doomſday book by miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtile their pride the honour of the crown!

Make no reply—let Reaſon ſtand aloof—
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
In the beſt ſubjects, for the beſt of Kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what men think,
Or ſay, or do—by what they eat, and drink,
Where, and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
And ſtateſmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe;
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks;
Blaſphemy may be Goſpel at Almack's.

Peace, good Diſcretion, peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
Doſt thou one parſon know, ſo void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place.

If ſtill you doubt (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor bluſh to own that change, which Reaſon wrought.

For ſuch a change as this, muſt juſtice ſpeak;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one man, or ſet of men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen.
My country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid;
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do leſs?)
Without a ſingle bluſh that change confeſs,
Confeſs it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide,
Granting, whilſt virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute, for ages, might have ſought in vain.

Hail, Sandwich!—nor ſhall Wilkes reſentment ſhew,
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe—
Hail, Sandwich!—nor, thro' pride, ſhalt thou refuſe
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a Muſe—
Sandwich, all hail!—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land;
When Scots, or ſlaves to Scotſmen, ſteer'd the helm;
When peace, inglorious peace, diſgrac'd th' realm,
Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd:
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd;

When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoiſſeur in Statemanſhip;
When, like another Machiavel, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting, and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to ſpare,
Saw thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.

Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,
In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy friends (ſome few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the common-weal
[Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.]
A place amongſt the reſt the Muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.

From his youth upwards to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,

When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense,
Where impudence made decency submit,
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit,
Where rude, untemper'd licence had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit,
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw;
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears;
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out Encore;
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon;

To force plain Nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainſt all the reſt to make the northern wind,
Bute to ride firſt, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they who in the preſence upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen every where, but moſt a Queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deſerves it more and more.

Nor in ſuch climates reſts his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
Vice, bold, ſubſtantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the ſoft nature of ſome eaſy maid,
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he, who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems every heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be cruſh'd, and every ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, ſure, tho' ſlow,
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are kings, who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is ſcience by a blockhead to be led?
Are ſtates to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, ſearch hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

Is this nobility, which, ſprung from Kings,
Was meant to ſwell the pow'r from whence it ſprings?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from ſo rich a root?
Were there but two (ſearch all the world around)
Were there but two ſuch nobles to be found,
The very name would ſink into a term
Of ſcorn, and Man would rather be a worm,
Than be a Lord; but nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth, and titles to debaſe,
Made only one, and, having made him, ſwore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, ſhe ſtrove to mend,
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To ſave her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of every art,
Of every art which great ones in the ſtate
Practis'd on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can deſcend,
Do I behold (a ſight alas! more rare
Than honeſty could wiſh) the Noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known,
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'reſt back that fame he gave.
Cur'd of her ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
To ſuch a peer my willing ſoul ſubmits,

And to ſuch virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainſt ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that truth even envy ſhall allow)
Such Wyndham was, and ſuch is Sandwich now.

O gentle Montague! in bleſſed hour
Didſt thou ſtart up, and climb the ſtairs of pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongſt her many foes was once diſpleas'd.
France heard the news, and told it couſin Spain;
Spain heard, and told it couſin France again;
The Hollander relinquiſh'd his deſign
Of adding ſpice to ſpice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native ſhore;
Aw'd by thy fame (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth)
The weſtern world ſhall yield us her increaſe,
And her wild ſons be ſoften'd into peace;
Rich eaſtern monarchs ſhall exhauſt their ſtores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's ſhores,
Unbounded wealth, which from thoſe golden ſcenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means,
Some honourable chief ſhall hither ſteer
To pay our debts, and ſet the nation clear.
Nabobs themſelves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the Engliſh crown,
Shall freely as their king our king receive—
Provided the Directors give them leave.

Union at home ſhall mark each riſing year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' ſevere;

Envy her own deſtroyer ſhall become,
And faction with her thouſand mouths be dumb;
With the meek man thy meekneſs ſhall prevail,
Nor with the ſpirited thy ſpirit fail;
Some to thy force of reaſon ſhall ſubmit,
And ſome be converts to thy princely wit;
Rev'rence for thee ſhall ſtill a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand exciſe,
And unbelievers of the firſt degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in Thee.

When a ſtrange jumble, whimſical and vain,
Poſſeſs the region of each heated brain;
When ſome were fools to cenſure, ſome to praiſe,
And all were mad, but mad in different ways;
When Commonwealth's-men, ſtarting at the ſhade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of Tyrant's dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with ſtate blood-hounds hunted freedom down;
When others, ſtruck with fancies not leſs vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own ſubjects ſlain,
And, in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell ſaw;
Thy manly zeal ſtepp'd forth, bade Diſcord ceaſe,
And ſung each jarring atom into peace.
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative,
Shall, ſtriding forth at large, not die, but live,
Whilſt Privilege, hung betwixt earth and ſky,
Shall not well know whether to live or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest rore,
Heard death in every blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw, her grave;
When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weak'ned by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land;
When mutual Confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore;
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm, and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Œconomy her needful aid shall join
To forward, and complete thy grand design;
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.

Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High treason in the eye of common sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid honesty (fair fall that hour)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view the wond'rous man!
With what delight survey thy sterling plan!
That plan which All with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—That Discord fled,
And fought with grief the hell where she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter Foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended Friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of Death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,

Grows ſtronger from diſeaſe; that thou haſt ſav'd
Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of braſs defies the rage of time;
Than plates of braſs more firm, that ſacred Rhime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muſe alone can give;
Theſe heights of virtue, theſe rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor, ſickly Science, who had laid,
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold ſhade,
By thoſe who knew her purpoſely forgot,
And made the jeſt of thoſe who knew her not,
Whilſt ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd pride,
Clad like a prieſt, paſs'd by on t'other ſide,
Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herſelf with ſtrength;
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddeſs ſmile?
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this iſle?
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign,
Soon as She heard, that thou did'ſt not diſdain
To be her ſteward? but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When youth was inſolent, and age was mute?

That young men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men, grown grey
In ſearch of wiſdom, men who own'd the ſway
Of reaſon, men who ſtubbornly kept down
Each riſing paſſion, men who wore the gown,
That they ſhould croſs her will, that they ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of int'reſt to declare;
That they ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all thoſe honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of ſtate;
That they ſhould dare a Hardwick to ſupport,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar Conſcience, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward ſons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful ſhore.
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' dullneſs there unrival'd ſtate doth keep,
Would ſhe at Wincheſter with Burton ſleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of Engliſh eye,

And reign amongſt the Scots; to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.

O, ſtay thy flight, fair Science; what tho' ſome
Some baſe-born children rebels are become?
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.

Of ſtubborn Virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by form, and by Diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head.
Black Smith of Trinity; on Chriſtian ground,
For faith in myſteries none more renown'd.

Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next (if old ſtory lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched Maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank Letcher's coarſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old hoary hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.

But to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind;
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No women knew, but thoſe which made their bed;
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill Male Virgins at threeſcore,

Comes Sumpner, wiſe, and chaſte as chaſte can be,
With Long as wiſe, and not leſs chaſte than he.

Are there not friends too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jerſey, and the Iſle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree,
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo ſtill,
Who may perhaps in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?

With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of ſhame;
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, ſound retreat.

But if perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet, in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms,
Shall for thy love her formal loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd Stuarts to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the Despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, or speak, or think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield brother Sandwich greet!
Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
Blest to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

Phillips, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,

Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the common weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bleſs'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cauſe of rebels hung.

Whilſt Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At M———— lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouſe ſcore,
Whilſt Paul the aged chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to caſt it up;
———— ſhall pour from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddeſs without eyes,
And hob or nob in cyder and exciſe.

From thoſe deep ſhades, where Vanity unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
Curs'd in herſelf, by her own thoughts undone,
Where ſhe ſees all, but can be ſeen by none;
Where ſhe no longer miſtreſs of the ſchools,
Hears praiſe loud-pealing from the mouth of fools,
Or hears it at a diſtance, in deſpair
To join the croud and put in for a ſhare,
Twiſting each thought a thouſand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praiſe,
Where frugal-ſenſe ſo very fine is ſpun
It ſerves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
King ſhall ariſe, and, burſting from the dead,
Shall hurl his piebald Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilſt aukward affectations hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainſt their will makes junior blockheads
ſpeak,
Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not ſuch as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, looſe thoughts on ſuch a
ſtring;
They're praiſe, and cenſure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and ſtill ſo full of trick
They even make a Merry Andrew ſick;
Thoughts all ſo dull, ſo pliant in their growth,
They're verſe, they're proſe, they're neither, and
they're both)
Shall (tho' by nature ever loth to praiſe)
Thy curious worth ſet forth in curious phraſe;
Obſcurely ſtiff, ſhall preſs poor ſenſe to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilſt, beating out his features to a ſmile,
He hugs the baſtard brat, and calls it ſtile.

Huſh'd by all nature as the land of death;
Let each ſtream ſleep, and each wind hold his
breath,
Be the bells muffled, nor one ſound of care,
Preſſing for audience, wake the ſlumb'ring air;

Browne comes—behold how cautiouſly he creeps—
How ſlow he walks, and yet how faſt he ſleeps—
But to thy praiſe in ſleep he ſhall agree;
He cannot wake, but he ſhall dream of thee.

Phyſic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaſte matron camphire bound;
Phyſic, obtaining ſuccour from the pen,
Of her ſoft Son, her gentle Heberden,
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet ſpite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a ſcholar, ſtop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe ſend claſſic death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can ſound,
And plumb the bottom of that vaſt profound;
Few grave ones with ſuch gravity can think,
Or follow half ſo faſt as he can ſink;
With nice diſtinctions gloſſing o'er the text,
Obſcure with meaning, and in words perplext;
With ſubtleties on ſubtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and ſubdivide the mind;
Keeping the forwardneſs of youth in awe,
The ſcowling Blackſton bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
In her right hand a New Court calendar,
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

Loyalty, fix'd on Iſis' altar'd ſhore,
A ſtranger long, but ſtranger now no more,

Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes,
Brim full of rapture, view'd her new allies,
Shall with much pleasure, and more wonder view
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.

O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd by those
Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And soothe their passions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of Kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome like the dreams,
Children of night, of indigestion bred,
Which reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain,
And Freedom without loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward stile
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies,

Whilſt, Wiſdom's happy ſon, but not her ſlave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that ſhade which thy own labours wrought,
And faſhion'd into ſtrength, ſhalt thou repoſe,
Secure of lib'ral praiſe, ſince Iſis flows,
True to her fame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, luſt for Tweed;
And thoſe old wreathes, which Oxford once dar'd twine,
To grace a Stuart brow, ſhe plants on thine.

THE

FAREWELL.

THE

FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell;
To Eaſtern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but Rhime,
The Muſes ſteer their courſe, and, fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, deſire to range;
Reſolv'd at leaſt, ſince they the fool muſt play,
To do it in a different place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madneſs worſe than in the dog-ſtar's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam;
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If ſatire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have ſhewn no talents fit for praiſe,
If ſatire be thy object, ſearch all round,
Nor to thy purpoſe can one ſpot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice choaks up ev'ry virtue, where, ſelf-ſown,
The ſeeds of folly ſhoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry ſeed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this—tho' Truth (the more our
shame,
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And justify her part in this, yet here,
For the first time, even Truth offends my ear.
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

F. Thy country, and what then? Is that mere
word
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counteract, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part; Men, not confin'd
Within such paultry limits, Men design'd
Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
Consider ev'ry country as their own.
At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England, than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wi
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,

To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boaſt of apathy when out of pain,
And in each ſentence, worthy of the ſchools,
Varniſh'd with ſophiſtry, to deal out rules
Moſt fit for practice, but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and ſitting in your elbow-chair,
You praiſe Japan, tho' you were never there;
But was the ſhip this moment under ſail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your ſpirits fail?
Would you not caſt one longing eye to ſhore,
And vow to deal in ſuch wild ſchemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Thoſe paſſions, which we cannot chuſe but feel,
There's a ſtrange ſomething, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which one wiſe man can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In deareſt ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where-e'er She points the way,
The ſons of Honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, where-ever we are ſent,
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own ſingle voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the ſame
Is rank rebellion 'gainſt the lawful claim
Of nature, and ſuch dull indifference
May be Philoſophy, but can't be Senſe.

F. Weak and unjuſt Diſtinction, ſtrange deſign,
Moſt peeviſh, moſt perverſe, to undermine
Philoſophy, and throw her empire down,
By means of Senſe, from whom ſhe holds her crown.
Divine Philoſophy! to thee we owe
All that is worth poſſeſſing here below;
Virtue and Wiſdom conſecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.

When, like a garden, where for want of toil,
And wholeſome diſcipline, the rich, rank ſoil,
Teems with incumbrances, where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankleſs ſon,
Curſe her own womb, by fruitfulneſs undone;
Like ſuch a garden, when the human ſoul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth thoſe paſſions of luxuriant race,
Which ſpread, and ſtifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilſt Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where ſhe was born,
Philoſophy ſteps in, with ſteady hand
She brings her aid, ſhe clears th' encumber'd land,
Too virtuous to ſpare vice one ſtroke, too wiſe
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what Godlike, what relentleſs pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.
Philoſophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd in token of humility,

By the proud ſage, who, whilſt he ſtrove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride.
Philoſophy, whom Nature had deſign'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herſelf miſled by the philoſopher,
At once her prieſt and maſter, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a maſs of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made even virtue ſour.

Had ſhe, content within her proper ſphere,
Taught leſſons ſuited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real uſe;
The heart of men unrival'd ſhe had ſway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when She, overturning Reaſon's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When She with apathy the breaſt would ſteel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When ſhe would wildly all her force employ,
Nor to correct our paſſions, but deſtroy;
When, not content our Nature to reſtore,
As made by God, ſhe made it all new o'er;
When, with a ſtrange and criminal exceſs
To make us more than men, ſhe made us leſs,
The Good her dwindled pow'r with pity ſaw,
The Bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth, with a ſimple and unvarniſh'd tale,
Even from the mouth of Norton might prevail,
Could ſhe get there; but Falſhood's ſugar'd ſtrain,
Should pour her fatal blandiſhments in vain,

Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
Where she too often hangs, on Mansfield's tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his course the Sun
Hath seen, or past or present, rise in one;
Should He, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;
Should He, full orator, at once impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and art should in this instance fail,
Nor Rome, tho' join'd with Athens, here prevail.
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
And, wanting judgment, think that she wants love;
Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
Such be Philosophers—their specious art,
Tho' friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving as a friend, what, whilst I live,
As a Philosopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at last I join with you,
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe.
Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,
As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside, when we can walk alone.

But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt thou make faults, whilſt judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
Dar'ſt thou to ſay, in our enlight'ned age,
That this grand Maſter Paſſion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy country, was impreſt,
And fix'd by Nature in the human breaſt?

If you prefer the place where you were born,
And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn
On fair compariſon; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts, as in profuſion, Plenty ſends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongſt the great;
If Honeſty is miniſter of ſtate;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If Riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
If Law is ſacred, Liberty ſecure;
Let but theſe facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reaſon declares, thy love can't be too great;
And, in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot muſt love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe our birth
To ſome moſt barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are ſcantily ſupplied;

Where pow'r is reaſon, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke,
To fix thy love on ſuch a wretched ſpot,
Becauſe, in luſt's wild fever, there begot;
Becauſe, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there
Is folly which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not ſenſe.
By the ſame argument which here you hold,
(When Falſhood's inſolent, let Truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell,
A Devil muſt, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whoſe decrees I lowly bend,
And even in puniſhment confeſs a friend,
Ordain'd, my birth in ſome place yet untried,
On purpoſe made to mortify my pride,
Where the Sun never gave one glimpſe of day,
Where Science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on ſome bleak, blaſted plain,
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign,
Or in ſome kingdom, where men weak, or worſe,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry bleſſing to a curſe,
Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate ſon;
In ſpite of all the wiſdom you diſplay,
All you have ſaid, and yet may have to ſay,
My weakneſs here, if weakneſs, I confeſs,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her leſs.

Whether ſtrict reaſon bears me out in this,
Let thoſe who, always ſeeking, always miſs

The ways of Reaſon, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praiſe to argue, mine to feel.
Wiſh we to trace this paſſion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit;
From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reaſon call adore;
This, if not Reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.

But (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good, or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virtuous, ſooth an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a virtue? that you ſcarce pretend;
Or can it be a vice, like virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from, and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay, ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown or ſmile.

Weigh'd with creation, you by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one;
The gen'rous ſoul, by nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in philoſophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves as ſhe ſees.

P. Was it moſt ſure, which, yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reaſon's creed, tho' found in your's,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together, that, however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both,
I could not doubt a moment which to chuſe,
And which in common reaſon to refuſe.

Invented oft for purpoſes of Art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give;
So rare occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.

The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting ſpring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor leſs become a ſubject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;

A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practiſe ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country, can remove
And make me of neceſſity forgoe,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial charities of blood and friends,
Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It raiſes to our country's love at laſt;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to common ſenſe,
Tell me, nor think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?

P. Can the ſon,
(Shame, ſhame on all ſuch ſons!) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All virtue, ſee his honour'd mother forc'd?

Then, no, by him that made me, not even then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond redemption, all her glories croſs'd;
Even when occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack of Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the ſubject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a king.
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With thoſe which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.

Tell me, Philoſopher, is it a crime
To pry into the ſecret womb of time;
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo—ſtill 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can;
To former times and men his eyes to caſt,
And judge of what's to come by what is paſt.

Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no prophet here)
Amongſt our Britiſh lords, ſhould there be found
Some great in power, in principles unſound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry,
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings,
Who would divide the people and the throne
To ſet up ſep'rate int'reſts of their own,
Who hate whatever aids their wholeſome growth,
And only join with, to deſtroy them both;
Should there be found ſuch men in after times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot ſome milder vengeance, nor to them,
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knoweſt from the firſt their riſe, and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
When ruin muſt involve our equal ſtate,
When law, alas! muſt be no more, and we,
To freedom born, muſt be no longer free,
Let not a mob of tyrants ſeize the helm,
Nor titled upſtarts league to rob th' realm;
Let not, whatever other ills aſſail,
A damned Ariſtocracy prevail.
If, all too ſhort, our courſe of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleaſure we ſhould be undone,
Let us, ſome comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be ſlaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accuſtom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft ſubſtitute creations of the brain
For real ſubſtance, and, themſelves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your caſe—but great, to ſooth your pride,
That you know more than all the world beſide;
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Reſolv'd, and like a man, at once ſpeak out;
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to enſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools ſtray;
The proud will rather loſe than aſk their way:
To men of ſenſe what needs it to unfold,
And tell a tale which they muſt know untold?
In the bad, int'reſt warps the canker'd heart;
The good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilſt arch, ſubtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of diſcontent alive,
Whilſt they, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where reaſon never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themſelves paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
And 'gainſt our real danger ſeal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded ſtand,
On Shame's black roll, and ſtink thro' all the land.

P. That might ſome courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution, thanks,
But may not judges ſometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject.

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I ſuſpect:
Amongſt twelve Judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare poſſibility I ground
This wholeſome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create, and uncreate; and from the bench,
With winks, ſmiles, nods, and ſuch like paultry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts;
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of ſoul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, tho' judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In ſpite of facts, his wicked will obey;
And, leaving law without the leaſt defence,
May damn his conſcience, to approve his ſenſe?

F. Whilſt, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, juries ſtand,
A judge in vain ſhall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppoſe I ſhould be tried in Middleſex.

F. To pack a jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occaſion to pack juries there.

F. 'Gainſt prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reaſon herſelf without effect muſt ſpeak;
Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'reſt, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muſe lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counſel taken, what ſhould Satire do?
Where could ſhe find an object that is new?
Thoſe travell'd youths, who tender Mothers wean,
And ſend abroad to ſee, and to be ſeen,
With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A tutor's ſent by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of ſpirit bears,
To ſhew our follies, and to bring home theirs,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do?

P. In one reſpect at leaſt—there's ſomething new.

F. A harmleſs people, in whom Nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted, 'mongſt whom Satire ſeeks,

But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak you this, or, doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath reaſon found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by reaſon taught,
You have Faith' ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame;
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown;
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd Prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could you, a task more hard than you ſuppoſe,
Could you, in ridicule whilſt Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well drawn, the picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try.
And if your obſervation ſterling hold,
If the piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean;

To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win,
I'll groupe the company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their myſteries ſo low
That what the Wiſe ſuſpected not, Fools know?
From their firſt riſe, even to the preſent hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r?
Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilſt, unſeduc'd by Miniſters, the throne
Regards our intereſts, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have fail'd, and thoſe who wiſh'd to fail
In the laſt fleet, afford an ample field
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.

F. On ſuch vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only Clive.

THE

TIMES.

THE

TIMES.

THE Time hath been, a Boyiſh, Bluſhing Time,
When Modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When thoſe, who, in the cauſe of ſin grown grey,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak and aukward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal.
We, better bred, and than our Sires more wiſe,
Such paultry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe;
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled th' realm;
Ere Luxury ſat guttling at the helm,
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had ſo far conquer'd Senſe,
To make us all wild rivals in expence;
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;

Ere baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleneſs prevail'd ſole Queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And Diſſipation held the place of Thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the Sun look on;
Ere a great Nation, not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by Œconomy;
Ere rugged Honeſty was out of vogue,
Ere Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe what never could be paid.

Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crouded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O! might ſuch revive
To keep expiring Honeſty alive!)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,
Not juſt thro' principle, be juſt thro' pride.

Our Times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; Payment a diſgrace.

Men of weak minds, high plac'd on Folly's liſt,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.
Why—be it ſo—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradeſmen to a Lord?

Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,
Of tradeſmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking juſtice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly, as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs as ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own;
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on his grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes, with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to Faber? he ſtands ſafe and clear;
Heav'n can commence no legal action here.
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of privilege, 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no conſcience, and he fears no law.

Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame out-liv'd, and grace out-grown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the land of ſhame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance!
Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without controul,
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and fools will truſt;
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty Pillar in a guilty land.
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhimes)
Did not ſtrict honour, with a jealous eye,
Watch round the throne, did not true piety,
(Who, link'd with honour for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbid us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be Miniſter of State.

But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times

But now are held as nothing—We begin,
Where our Sires ended, and improve in ſin;
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.

Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it, made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps ſhe reigns,
O'er ſober citizens, and ſimple ſwains;
Even in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increaſe the horror of the ſtate,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curſes which neither art nor time can heal,
All Shame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide;
Meanneſs, who gleans out of the human mind,
Thoſe few good ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to Virtue tend,
And leaves the ſoul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanneſs, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
The breaſt of manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain;
Before whom honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat:
Meanneſs, which like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,

God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The Patriot's virtue for a place is ſold,
The Stateſman bargains for his country's ſhame,
And for preferment Prieſts their God diſclaim.
Worn out with luſt, her day of letch'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which ſhe bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to ſome old Letcher for a wife,
And makes her an adultereſs for life;
Or in the papers bid his name appear,
And advertiſes for a L———;
Huſband and wife (whom av'rice muſt applaud)
Agree to ſave the charge of Pimp and Bawd;
Thoſe parts they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
And ſhare the infamy, the gain to ſhare;
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.

Nor are theſe things (which might imply a ſpark
Of ſhame) ſtill left tranſacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open aid.
And carried on like any other trade
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkneſs in a cloud,
In fulleſt vigour Vice maintains her ſway:
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanneſs, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkneſs ſkulks, and trembles as of yore,

When the Light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she ſtalks on earth, and to the ſky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears leſt time abate,
And turns her huſband's love to canker'd hate;
Since Fate, to make them more ſincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their
ſon:
A ſon, ſo like his dam, ſo like his ſire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image ſo expreſs in ev'ry part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone,
Would ſtand as heir-apparent to the throne.

With our own iſland-vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
Dance Europe round, and viſit ev'ry court
To ape their follies, and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home;
Nobly induſtrious, to make vice appear
In her full ſtate, and perfect only here.

To Holland, where politeneſs ever reigns,
Where primitive ſincerity remains,
And makes a ſtand; where Freedom in her courſe
Hath left her name, tho' ſhe hath loſt her force
In that, as other lands; where ſimple trade
Has never in the garb of Fraud array'd;
Where Av'rice never dar'd to ſhew his head;
There, like a ſmiling Cherub, Mercy, led

By reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And cruelty could never find a place;
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins, and ends at home.

France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'
For all thoſe countries which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of Vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart, of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.

Spain gives us Pride——which Spain to all t
earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that ſuperſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That Cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the ſlave;
That Cruelty, which led her Chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought, but Mercy, as a ſin.

Italia, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,

Who lays the realms of Senſe and Virtue waſte,
Who mars, whilſt ſhe pretends to mend, our taſte;
Talia, to complete and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatneſs, without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without eſtate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, revenge without remorſe,
Dark, mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealouſy without love, ſound without ſenſe,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reaſon, goſpel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From man's beſt joys——no ſooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we Capons feed,
To glut our appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in Aretine,
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of night,
Might make the Muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem Sappho chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,

Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taſte, and Common-ſenſe.

Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft, luxurious Eaſt,
Where Man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
(They walk on four legs, and he walks on two)
Attracts our eye, and, flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt characters, ſins worſe
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
Even in God's mercy; ſins 'gainſt nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burns in thoſe fires, which hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the day
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.

Be Grace ſhut out, be Mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair
Diſtending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For thoſe who thus offend amongſt mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous
weight,
On Earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;

nd whilſt the law's falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhewn,
re taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
len, whom the beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they
appear
mongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear, or ſhame controul'd,
rom long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
locking rebuke, they brave it in our ſtreets,
nd Lumley, even at noon, his miſtreſs meets.
o public in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
hey almoſt take a pride to have them known,
nd each unnat'ral villain ſcarce endures
o make a ſecret of his vile amours.
o where we will at ev'ry time and place,
odom confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
hey ply in public at our very doors,
nd take the bread from much more honeſt whores.
hoſe who are mean high Paramours ſecure,
nd the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;
he ſin too proud to feel from reaſon awe,
nd thoſe, who practiſe it, too great for law.

Woman, the pride and happineſs of man,
ithout thoſe ſoft endearments nature's plan
ad been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
oman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
ith ſofteſt arts, and ſure, tho' hidden ſkill
o humanize, and mould us to her will;
oman, with more than common grace form'd here,
ith the perſuaſive language of a tear

To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour; at whose nam
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcasses of Princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode whilst horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having lost its use; no more the eye
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tid
Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,
Pants for those charms, which Virtue might enga
To break his vow, and thaw the frost of age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain
And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleasure, we must have a Ganymede;
A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of Nymphs, where ev'ry Nymph is fai
Whom Nature form'd with more than common car
With more than common care whom art improv'
And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,

——neglected wanders, whilſt a croud
urſue, and conſecrate the ſteps——
he, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
aſtes life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
weet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
hich withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
nd dies uncrop'd, whilſt he, admir'd, careſt,
elov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
ith Brutes of rank and fortune plays the Whore,
or their unnat'ral luſt a common ſew'r.

Dine with Apicius—at his ſumptuous board
nd all the world of dainties can afford—
nd yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
he ſickly appetite) amidſt them all
picius finds no joy; but, whilſt he carves
or ev'ry gueſt, the landlord ſits and ſtarves.

The foreſt Haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
ept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
t ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
nd loathes what he had deified before;
he turtle of a great and glorious ſize,
orth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,
or which a man of taſte all riſques would run,
elf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one,
he turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
ept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſt by Quin.
vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
Quin hath dreſt it, he may eat it too,
picius cannot—When the glaſs goes round,
uick-circling, and the roofs with mirth reſound,

Sober he ſits, and ſilent—all alone
Tho' in a croud, and to himſelf ſcarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wi
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus? why runs his ey
Heedleſs, o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? Where now his gen'r
wiſh,
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, thro' a r
Of ſixty years, ne'er ſhew'd one ſign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his ſtomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? hath Fate cal
His father from the grave to Second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?
Or hath the law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
Compell'd him to reſtore the dow'r ſhe brought
Hath ſome bold creditor againſt his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill,
When Eating had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain We
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench
Hath any rival glutton got the ſtart,
And beat him in his own luxurious art,
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dreſt old dainties in a newer way?

Hath his cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh, fit to entertain the Gods;
Or hath ſome Varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of Empires in a plate?

None, none of theſe—his Servants all are try'd,
So ſure, they walk on ice, and never ſlide;
His cook, an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, tho' old Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a knave ſhould be expell'd;
His wife is ſtill a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly ſent him there,)
His father ſleeps, and, till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.

Whence flows this ſorrow then? Behind his chair
Did'ſt thou not ſee, deck'd with a ſolitaire,
Which on his bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
With niceſt ornaments, a ſtripling plac'd,
A ſmooth, ſmug ſtripling, in life's faireſt prime?
Did'ſt thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monſtrous Lecher, tempted to deſpiſe
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?

How He ſeem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who ſtrove his fix'd attention to recall;
And how He wiſh'd, even at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face;
His cauſe of grief behold in that fair boy,
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking Stripling! When the gla
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you paſs,
Flatt'ring, preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
Why doſt thou bleſs the Gods, who made th
fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reaſon blam
Curſe, curſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
When thy hot Lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids ſhow'rs of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
Suſpect his gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
They're baits for Virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſ
On thoſe gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with ſcorn,
View them with horror, they pollution mean
And deepeſt ruin; thou haſt often ſeen,
From 'mongſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threat'ned danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation proof, thy Virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and thou muſt yield to force.

Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, while thou can'ſt eſcape,
Mind not his promiſes—They're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at court?
Truſt not his Honour; He's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—They're made on earth;
Not regiſt'red in Heav'n—He mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conſcience—for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm—
Thy maſter is a Lord, and thou a Worm,
A poor mean Reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.

Fly then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither can'ſt thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An armed hoſt of foes, in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone;
Or why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
Sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Truſt not old age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint Socrates is ſtill a Goat, tho' grey:
Truſt not green youth; Florio will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the town:
Truſt not to Rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up Raking only as a fence

'Gainſt common fame——place H——— in thy view;
He keeps one whore, as Barrowby kept two;
Truſt not to Marriage—T——— took a wife,
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to Marriage, in mankind unread;
S—— ——'s a married man, a S—— new wed.

Would'ſt thou be ſafe; Society forſwear,
Fly to the deſart, and ſeek ſhelter there;
Herd with the brutes—they follow nature's plan—
There's not one Brute ſo dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongſt them that refuge find
Which luſt denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you ſee thoſe honeſt creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.

But, if the thoughts of Solitude alarm,
And Social life hath one remaining charm;
If ſtill thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongſt the monſters of Auguſta's breed,
Lay by thy ſex, thy ſafety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live ſecure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb aſſume their manners too.

Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The Maudlin Hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room;
Be not in this than Catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue which they do for vice.
Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room.
At mid-night thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the Mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that Lecher man makes fast the door,
Who not permits, even for the sake of pray'r,
A Priest, uncastrated, to enter there;
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?
Let h erdischarge her cares, throw wide her doors;
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Tho' they, more fresh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day Sun, adorn
The works of nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face,

Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by Boarding ſchools
Free and unguarded, let them range the town;
Go forth at random, and run pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps—They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like Jennets, they conceive by air;
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like Carrion, in the Sun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the Law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand, primeval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathics read the Marriage-act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their ſide.

Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L———, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T——— lives no more, or lives not to our iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cz———'s ſmile.
T——— is at P——— diſgrac'd,
And M—— grown grey, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor, to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one Stallion to ſupply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December, the rank fly would blow,
Tho' cloſely kept, now, when the dog-ſtar's heat
Enflames the marrow, in the very ſtreet
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms by thoſe
Who daintily paſs by, and hold their noſe;

Poor, plain Concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple Lech'ry dares not ſhew her face
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell; bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to Wellcloſe Square,
Fine, freſh, young ſtrumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence; Pimps no longer thrive,
And penſions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the Mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted Woman! Little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow.
Little ſuſpect, whilſt ſhe ſurveys her boy,
Her young Narciſſus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curſe, that ſhe may live,
Ere ſixteen winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul, to curſe that Son.

Pray then for daughters, ye wiſe Mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, nor make ye grey
Before your time with ſorrow; they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt ye live,
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.

That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,

That Genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk; that judgment perfect found,
When wanted moſt; that purity of taſte,
Which critics mention by the name of chaſte,
Adorn'd with elegance; that eaſy flow
Of ready wit, which never made a foe;
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Even from the curriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.

Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;
Be from that hour the houſe with ſables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
Even from the moment that he firſt began
To wail and whine, let him not ſee a man.
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was ſold,
And gave his body up to ſhame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarſe, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to luſt, his face deep ſcar'd
With the ſmall-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running ſore.

Should'ſt thou report him as by nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praiſe betray'd;
Give him out fair, Lechers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, ſhall to thine repair,
And force a paſſage, tho' a god is there.

Let him not have one ſervant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, ſervants oft prevail.
Some vices they propoſe, to all agree;
H— was guilty, but was M— free?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than truſt his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know——we, who have liv'd at home
From fair report, and travellers, who roam
More feelingly—nor truſt him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For baſe deſigns; ourſelves have liv'd to ſee
More than one Parſon in the pillory.
Should he have brothers (image to thy view
A ſcene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t'other known,
Nor let his father ſit with him alone.

Be all his ſervants, female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature ſpur thy heir
To deeds of Venery; if, hot and wild,
He chanc'd to get ſome ſcore of maids with child,
Hide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this, than any other time,

Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongſt ſuch a race,
To have a baſtard is ſome ſign of grace.

Born in ſuch times, ſhould I ſit tamely down,
Suppreſs my rage, and ſaunter thro' the town
As one who knew not, or who ſhar'd theſe crimes
Should I at leſſer evils point my rhimes,
And let this Giant Sin, in the full eye
Of Obſervation, paſs unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives, paſſive obedience taught,
Patiently bear thoſe wrongs for which they ought
With the brave ſpirit of their dams poſſeſs'd,
To plant a dagger in each huſband's breaſt,
To cut off male increaſe from this fair iſle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the ſmug Pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainſt all other crimes, is ſilent here,
And thinks himſelf abſolv'd, in the pretence
Of Decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raiſe her price,
Becomes an agent for the cauſe of Vice.
Tho' the law ſleeps, and, thro' the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in ſuch times, nor with that patience curſt
Which Saints may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak, or burſt.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice, and chaſter ear;
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
And call up bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair,—my real motives view,
And to forgiveneſs add your praiſes too.

For you I write—nor wiſh a better plan———
The cauſe of woman is moſt worthy man———
For you I ſtill will write, nor hold my hand
Whilſt there's one ſlave of Sodom in the land.

Let them fly far, and ſkulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their ſteps I'll tract, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or reſt their feet,
Till God in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her tow'rs in duſt, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or they (moſt worth our wiſh) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their paſt crimes and dangerous eſtate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them as much as I.

GOTHAM.

BOOK I.

GOTHAM.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether East or West,
A real country, or one made in jest)
Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
Nor by Map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd,
There lies an island, neither great nor small,
Which, for distinction sake, I Gotham call.

The man, who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,
A gospel-title, tho' the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the Western World.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving Buccaneer set up a post;
A beam, in proper form transversely laid,
Of his Redeemer's Cross the figure made;
Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
His Royal Master's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more process, the whole race enslav'd,
Cut off that Charter they from nature drew,
And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian Lords
Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the Ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
Who talks of Charity, but means a feast,
Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heav'n whom they have robb'd of earth;
Never shall one, one truly honest man,
Who, blest with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a savage Sire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
And sell his country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance;
Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bawble buy a golden world;

An Engliſhman, in charter'd Freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandize, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.

Happy the Savage of thoſe early times
Ere Europe's ſons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth,
In full content he found the trueſt wealth;
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Strange to the eaſe and luxury of Courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy now the ſavage race,
Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!
Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read;
And, on ſure grounds the goſpel pile to rear,
Sends miſſionary Felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of prudence means and arms ſupplies,

Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the Scalping-knife;
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe;
The worth of freedom strongly she explains,
Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with chains;
Faith too she plants, for her own ends impreſt,
To make them bear the worſt, and hope the beſt;
And whilst she teaches on vile int'reſt's plan;
As laws of God the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd,
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accurſed hour,
She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by Virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground;

I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted, and deny'd to me.
I plead possession; and till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Western world, be Gotham mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung.
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry instrument of music play,
Ancient and Modern; those which drew their birth
(Punctilios laid wide) from Pagan earth,
As well as those by Christian made and Jew;
Those known to many, and those known to few;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the slow and solemn note;
Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
Make some complexions laugh, and others cry;
Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Those which can tear up forests by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;

Thoſe which, whilſt Ridicule leads up the dance
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of
France;
Thoſe which, where Lady Dulneſs with Lord
Mayors,
Preſides, diſdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with Pſalmody, and thoſe
Which, planted in our churches to diſpoſe
And lift the mind to heav'n, are diſgrac'd
With what a foppiſh organiſt calls taſte.
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert Son of dull Sire, diſcharg'd from ſchool,
Serves an apprenticeſhip in college eaſe,
And riſes thro' the Gamut to degrees)
To thoſe which (tho' leſs common, not leſs ſweet)
From fam'd Saint Giles's, and more fam'd Vine-
ſtreet,
(Where Heav'n, the utmoſt wiſh of man to grant,
Gave me an old houſe, and an older Aunt)
Thornton, whilſt humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
All inſtruments, (attend, ye liſt'ning ſpheres,
Attend, ye ſons of men, and hear with ears)
All inſtruments, (nor ſhall they ſeek one band
Impreſt from Modern Muſic's coxcomb band);
All inſtruments, ſelf-acted, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud, but yet ſweet, to the according globe,
My praiſes, whilſt gay Nature, in a robe,

A Coxcomb Doctor's robe, to the full ſound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances
round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Infancy, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond father ſits on t'other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with
pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand,
Nurſe ſtands interpreter, thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood who, like an April morn, appears,
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak, who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep;
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd,
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroaking back his long, lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign;
Impatient urges on, yet, with a cast
Of dear Regard, looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chace, when the hot blood runs high
And the quick spirits mount into his eye;
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest weal
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with heal
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain
When, wing'd with fear, the stage flies full in vie
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And even the huntsman stop to cry, Amen.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bo
Tho' worlds should crack around him; on his br
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd; within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason bless'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd,
Tho', cloath'd with sackcloth, Justice in the ga
By wicked Elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old age, a second child, by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself,
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd,
Even with the acting, on his shatter'd brain
Tho' the stale Registers of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions fault'ring on his tongue;
Raising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Even whilst he curses time which made him grey;
Scoffing at youth, even whilst he would afford
All, but his gold, to have his youth restor'd;
Shall, for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Things without life ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

The Snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on the Herald of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb Crocus, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a Herald's coat;
The Tulip, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full-dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a Parterre;
The Wood-bine, who her Elm in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in ſurrounding ſweets;
The Lily, ſilver miſtreſs of the vale;
The Roſe of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The Jeſſamine, with which the Queen of Flow'rs,
To charm her God, adorns his fav'rite bow'rs;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatneſs dreſt,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breaſt;
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure Zone which circles Dian's waiſt:
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the Sun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf Daiſy, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the Sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to other's praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
ift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
he voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung.
he praiſes of ſo good and great a king;
hall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Forming a gloom, thro' which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
eligion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
he Ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
here ſome old Hermit wont his beads to tell
y day by night; the Myrtle ever-green,
eneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rites unſeen;
he Willow weeping o'er the fatal wave,
here many a Lover finds a watry grave;
he Cypreſs ſacred held, when Lovers mourn
eir true Love ſnatch'd away; the Laurel worn
Poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
grief to wither on a Whithead's brow;
e Fig, which, large as what in India grows,
elf a grove, gave our firſt parents clothes;
e Vine, which, like a bluſhing new-made bride,
uſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
e Yew, which in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
rks on the reſting place of men unknown;
e hedge-row Elm, the Pine of mountain race;
e Fir, the Scotch Fir, never out of place;
e Cedar, whoſe top mates the higheſt cloud,
hilſt his old Father Lebanon grows proud

Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The Oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh Oak, which, dead, commands the flee
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing

The Show'rs, which make the young hills, li
young lambs,
Bound and rebound, the old hills; like old ram
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the Streams, which glid
Whilſt Plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing Commerce ſprings;
The Winds, which riſe with healing on their wing
Before whoſe cleanſing breath contagion flies;
The Sun who, travelling in Eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bre
With voice and whip, can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſti
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the Weſt,

As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or Post-boys for an inn;
The Moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;
The Stars who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without reason govern those, who most
(How truly judge from hence!) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Morning and eve, as they in turn appear;
Moments and minutes which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time;
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd;

The Hours which, dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on day and night;
The Day, thoſe hours I mean, when light preſides,
And Buſineſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The Night, thoſe hours I mean, with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
The Morn, when Nature, rouſing from her ſtrife
With death-like ſleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The Eve, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The Week, in which ſix days are kindly giv'n
To think of earth, and one to think of Heav'n;
The Months, twelve ſiſters, all of diff'rent hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeneſs too;
Not ſuch a likeneſs, as thro' Hayman's works,
Dull Manneriſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange Something, born of art and grace,
Which ſpeaks them all, tu vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the ſame parents born;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Froze Jannary, leader of the year,
Mince'd-pies in van, and calves-heads in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign,
My mother bore a Bard without a brain;
March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welchman led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with bastards blest;
June with white roses on her rebel breast;
July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
Saint James gives oisters, and Saint Swithin rain;
August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,
To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand;
September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbless'd, nor gives the saint a bit;
October, who the cause of Freedom join'd,
And gave a second George to bless mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's birth;
December, last of months, but best, who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,
To do God honour, makes himself a beast;
All, one and all, shall in this Chorus join,
And dumb to others praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing

The Seaſons as they roll; Spring, by her ſide
Lech'ry and Lent, Lay-folly, and Church-pride
By a rank Monk to copulation led,
A tub of ſainted ſalt-fiſh on her head;
Summer, in light, tranſparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a maſquerade;
In bawdry gauze, for which your daughters leav
The fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflam'd with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrengt
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without exciſe;
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs became our own,
A Hag who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloth'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and foreclоſe the throne,
Would turn all ſtate-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud

All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

The Year, grand circle, in whoſe ample round
The Seaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame Stars keep their watch, and the ſame Sun
Runs in the tract where he from firſt hath run;
The ſame Moon rules the night, tides ebb and flow,
Man is a puppet, and this world a ſhow;
Their old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And Vice in nothing, but in mode, is new;
He ———— a Lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a Villain, but a Lord he died)
Ruſhwood is pious, Berkley fix'd as fate,
Sandwich (thank heav'n) firſt miniſter of ſtate;
And tho' by fools deſpis'd, by Saints unbleſs'd,
By Friends neglected, and by Foes oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each Court-elf,
Grounded on honour, Wilkes is ſtill himſelf;)

The year, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſi

Thus far in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
Who ſell out monthly traſh, and call it ſenſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in ſport—nor let half Patriots, (th
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of pow'r which blo
Who, with tame cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak th
own,
Who, leſt bold truths, to do ſage Prudence ſpite,
Should burſt the portals of their lips by night,

remble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep)
ondemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
Vhen braze occaſion bids, for ſome great end
Vhen Honour calls the Poet as a friend,
hen ſhall they find, that even on danger's brink,
e dares to ſpeak what they ſcarce dare to think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

M A H T O

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

HOW much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may drink,
May largely drink, even till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
To know the times when Humour, on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her sports, when Wit should speak,
And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of Ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desart air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One Critic in an age can find, when done)

To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rhime
Renounce her follies, and with Senſe keep time;
To make proud Senſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of rhime, yet call her Friend.

Some fops there are, amongſt the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to deſcribe,
No matter whether in, or out of place,
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in State preſide
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide;
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, Judgment, Taſte, and Senſe;
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with Perſon, Place, and Time.

Let liquid gold emblaze the Sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let ſilver pale the Moon,
Let ſurges hoarſe laſh the reſounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams Meander, and let torrents rore,
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To ſigh with ſighing, ſob with ſobbing trees;
Let vales embroid'ry wear, let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints, let clouds be lac'd or fring'd
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe

Others there are, who, in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal, as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Senſe to bring them to their journey's end,
They would not (Heav'n forbid) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of the way,
To make the barren road thoſe graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men! who, blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of man,
Who, bred 'mong'ſt fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who, deſtitute of Humour, Wit, and Taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of Learning with a ſloven's air.
Tho' ſolid Reas'ning arms each ſterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls aſleep.

Senſe, mere, dull, formal Senſe, in this gay Town
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down,
Nor can She for an hour inſure her reign,
Unleſs She brings fair pleaſure in her train.
Let Her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one She meets;
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull College mode,
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice blest the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak.
Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort hear
Will make the sinner tremble, and despair.
True Virtue acts from Love, and the great end,
At which She nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that Goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.

But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,
Like God made man, ſhe lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the raviſh'd eye.
In earneſt moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems in jeſt,
She worms into, and winds around the breaſt;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And ſeems unlike herſelf to gain her end.
The ſons of ſin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To huſh the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conſcience in deluſive ſleep,
Read on at random, nor ſuſpect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainſt Vice they give their vote, nor know at firſt
That, curſing that, themſelves too they have curs'd;
They ſee not, till they fall into the ſnares,
Deluded into Virtue unawares.
Thus the ſhrewd doctor, in the ſpleen-ſtruck mind
When pregnant horror ſits, and broods o'er wind,
Diſcarding drugs, and ſtriving how to pleaſe,
Lures on inſenſibly, by ſlow degrees,
The patient to thoſe manly ſports, which bind
The ſlacken'd ſinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhimes
In other lands, and hear in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the Midwife Muſe
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,

To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by juſt degrees led up to men,
Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean.
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay
But never dares from Senſe to run aſtray.
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare.
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade;
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin or end.
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Senſe.

Peace to the men, who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach;
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky,
From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and Life is in her prime,

Without a ſin 'gainſt Pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the Town.
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhime,
And the poor flattern Muſe is brought to-bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull, dubious maſs, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all.
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the Sex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it Verſe or Proſe.

Even what my maſters pleaſe; Bards, mild, meek men,
In love to critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Maſon can feed one.

When Satire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When Senſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to Proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The Cenſor ſmiles, and whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the proud Earl fed at a turtle-feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,
Eat 'till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill eat on, and, dying, call'd for more.

When looſe Digreſſion, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning Connexion, and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When gay Deſcription, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with Nature, at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heav'n's freſh dew,
And, like a mountain Nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
When thus Deſcription ſports, even at the time
That drums ſhould beat, and cannons roar in rhime,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft you've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill,
Materials rich, tho' rude, enflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the Critic loom, with Critic art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with ſhade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made;
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it ſurpaſſes Rome, and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty Critic Fiat's heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and genius is dethron'd;
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man;
The good of man committed to my charge,
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May Friendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe,
The crown of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor people, O thou wretched Earth,
To whose dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How (by thy father can that thought be borne?
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour? how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages which adorns the isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud;
How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard, or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of empire! but what care,
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine?
Curs'd be the cause when Gotham's evils spring,
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.

Let war with all his needy ruffian band,
In pomp of horror, stalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood: let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court, which now is our's,

Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man:
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground;
Dry, in her thousand vallies, be the rills;
Barren the cattle, on her thousand hills;
Where pow'r is plac'd, let Tygers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges, let wild Asses bray;
Let Cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of Commerce, Bitterns rest;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her Merchants bankrupts, and her Marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to choose, see Gotham's ruin'd state
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear her crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all nature's host,
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
Obedience as their glory, and fulfill,
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will:
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep:
Let rains rush down, till faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the sign of Mercy in the sky:
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise:
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes:
Let the Earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my subjects sink

Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.

This (but my Heav'n's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my crown ſhould wear,
That crown, where, highly cheriſh'd, Freedom ſhone,
Bright as the glories of the mid-day Sun;
Born and bred ſlaves, that they, with proud miſrule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at School,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is even to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion; at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging Spirits, as in tumults riſe;
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, diſtraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high atchievements, can your ſpirits bend
Thro' baſe controul (ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a Tyrant's chain,
Or let, in Freedom's ſeat, a Stuart reign?

If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms, the Cowardice, the Pride,
The Tyranny, and falſehood of thoſe Lords,
Contents you not, ſearch England's fair records;
England, where firſt the breath of life I drew,
Where, next to Gotham, my beſt love is due.
There once they rul'd, tho', cruſh'd by William's hand,
They rule no more, to curſe that happy land.

The firſt, who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held England's ſceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd.
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp to be a king;
Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd Tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave what Wiſdom oft deny'd.

Ne'er cou'd he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a Coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to puniſh or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in courſe of time,
By fair deſcent, been his without a crime,
He bore a Mother's exile; to ſecure
A greater crown, he baſely could endure

The ſpilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear, and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with thoſe by whom her blood was ſhed.

Call'd up to pow'r, ſcarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own;
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or Engliſh knaves who would be Scotſmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded looſe he gave,
The Dupe of Minions, and of ſlaves the ſlave;
On falſe pretences mighty ſums he rais'd,
And damn'd thoſe ſenates rich, whom poor, he prais'd;
From Empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilſt a daughter fed,
He laviſh'd ſums, for her receiv'd, on men,
Whoſe names would fix diſhonour on my pen.

Lies were his play-things, parliaments his ſport,
Book-worms and Catamites ingroſs'd the court;
Vain of the ſcholar, like all Scotſmen ſince,
The Pedant ſcholar he forgot the Prince,
And, having with ſome trifles ſtor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wiſh'd to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wiſe, the wonder of the croud;

False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false ev'ry thing,
When He should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when He should save the State.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion sake, but argument;
More vain, if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, Worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made Bishops preach,
And Statesmen warrant, hung within his reach,
He dar'd not seize; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to th' Realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In every treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe; Peace was his coward care,
Even at a time when Justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword, submit;
Truth fairly must record, and pleas'd to live
In league with Mercy, Justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to fear,
Not lov'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above,
To anſwer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuſe the throne,
Leaving behind, a curſe to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling,
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And ſpeak the Monarch; at that time of life
When Paſſion holds with Reaſon doubtful ſtrife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean Sire undone,
Who envied virtue, even in a Son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the Man up, ere he left the child;
His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and Humour ſtrong;
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.

What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land, from ſuch a King!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſt his youthful ear!
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;

Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow,
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;
Each ſtrove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne!)
That all mankind were made for Kings alone;
That ſubjects were but Slaves, and what was whim
Or worſe in common men, was law in him;
Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
To guard good kings, and tyrants to miſlead,
Which, in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No good can wiſh, no coward King can dare,
And, held too high, no Engliſh ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by men of deep and ſubtle arts,
Men void of Principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs, made their King their tool,
Then moſt a ſlave, when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by Favourites, whom he called Friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of Soul to find
That Monarchs, meant as bleſſings to mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone,
When, what was meant for all, they give to one:
Liſt'ning uxorious, whilſt a woman's prate,
Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the ſtate,
Whilſt (in the ſtate not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
head:
Tutor'd to ſee with miniſterial eyes,
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;

Made to believe (what can't a Fav'rite do?)
He heard a nation, hearing one or two;
Taught by State-quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger, even on danger's brink:
Whilſt Pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran thro' an inſulted land;
As if to ſanction Tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly ſought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, cruſh'd by pow'r, and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
Lament her ſenates loſt, her Hampden mute.
Illegal taxes, and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the ſtate,
New courts were rais'd to give new Doctrines weight;
State-inquiſitions kept th' Realm in awe,
And curs'd Star-chambers made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unſound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated ſenates, for they told him truth.
At length, againſt his will, compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright he ſtrove to cheat;
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And often giving, often broke his word.

O where ſhall helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?

Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety, thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe,
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of ſaving him was gone and paſt, till pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their faith, and his repentance vain.

Hence (be that curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, civil war aroſe;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of ſhame
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for party, and with paſſion drunk,
In public rage all private love was ſunk;
Friend againſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
And the ſon's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no-longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harſhly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
To ſee my King before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand,

At their commands to hear the Monarch plead,
By their decrees to ſee that Monarch bleed.
What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they ſhook the baſis of the ſtate;
In royalty ſecure thy perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a King to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with Juſtice-leagu'd, with pow'r made ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd; the King could do no wrong.

Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the ſun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At Nature's call, had'ſt thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep, thy name, by Juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the Virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the Vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole;
Misfortunes gave, what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant ſlain, the Martyr live.

Ye princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue;
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;

Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curs'd;
Think not, for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But, when ye leaſt expect, in ſorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance, heap'd on you alone,
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No! like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the ſon's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance even to lateſt times;
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt Uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a King, to reign, or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne,
More at his people's ſeeking than his own,
Another Charles ſucceeded: in the ſchool
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool;
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors ſent
To ſhame their country on the Continent,
From love of England by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd;
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling,
Till crown'd, a beggar; and when crown'd, no King.

Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs, which Heav'n design'd
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind,
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And, of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to curſe;
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;
State he reſign'd to thoſe whom ſtate could pleaſe;
Careleſs of Majeſty, his wiſh was eaſe;
Pleaſure, and pleaſure only was his aim,
Kings of leſs wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a ſport,
Nor dar'd Decorum ſhew her face at court;
Morality was held a ſtanding jeſt,
And Faith a neceſſary fraud at beſt;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Poſſeſs'd great talents, and abus'd them too;
Whate'er was light, impertinent and vain,
Whate'er was looſe, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all abſolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's ſervants beg their bread;
His father's faithful ſervants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counſels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of eaſe, and not thro' want of ſenſe;
He ſaw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them ſo.

Women rul'd all, and Miniſters of State
Were for commands at Toilets forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as Monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at ſecond-hand.

To make all other errors ſlight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd, ſtand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd ſo deep, that time, in vain,
Shall ſtrive to wipe thoſe records from the brain,
Amboyna ſtands—Gods, that a king could hold,
In ſuch high eſtimate, vile paultry gold,
And of his duty be ſo careleſs found,
That, when the blood of ſubjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he ſhould reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by;
Give Holland peace, whilſt Engliſh victims groan'd,
And butcher'd ſubjects wander'd unaton'd!
O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep ſhame!
Of all the paſſions which from frailty ſpring,
Av'rice is that which leaſt becomes a king.

To crown the whole, ſcorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little underſtood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He re-aſſur'd a bigot brother's claim,
And, having made time-ſerving ſenates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother beſt knew how.

No matter how—he ſlept amongſt the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his ſtead.

But ſuch a reign—ſo glaring an offence
In ev'ry ſtep 'gainſt Freedom, Law, and Senſe,
'Gainſt all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainſt all which conſtitutes an Engliſhman,
That the relation would mere fiction ſeem,
The mock creation of a Poet's dream,
And the poor Bards would, in this ſceptic age,
Appear as falſe as their hiſtorian's page.

Ambitious folly ſeiz'd the ſeat of Wit,
Chriſtians were forc'd by Bigots to ſubmit;
Pride without ſenſe, without Religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the Common-weal;
Stern Perſecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings the pow'r of God;
Conſcience and Fame were ſacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's ſacred tomb.

Her laws deſpis'd, her conſtitution wrench'd
From its due, nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's ſuff'rance, Conſcience forc'd,
And healing Juſtice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her patriot Biſhops ſentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of ſhame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms ſhe flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging ſword ſhe drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the Tyrant's head,
And ſent him in deſpair to beg his bread,
Whilſt She (may every ſtate in ſuch diſtreſs
Dare with ſuch zeal, and meet with ſuch ſucceſs)

Whilſt She (may Gotham, ſhould my abject mind
Chuſe to enſlave, rather than free mankind,
Purſue her ſteps, tear the proud Tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuſe the crown,)
Whilſt She (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold, let Revolution ſtand)
Whilſt She, ſecur'd in Liberty and Law,
Found what ſhe ſought, a Saviour in Naſſau.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond Mother from herſelf depart,
Can ſhe forget the darling of her heart,
he little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
urs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed;
o whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
nd in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live?
es, from herſelf the mother may depart,
e may forget the darling of her heart,
he little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
urs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,
o whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
nd in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live;
ut I cannot forget, whilſt life remains,
nd pours her current thro' theſe ſwelling veins,
Vhilſt Mem'ry offers up at Reaſon's ſhrine;
ut I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the ſtern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
rom her diſnatur'd breaſt tear her young child,
leſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
nd daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone?
es, the ſtern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
rom her diſnatur'd breaſt may tear her child;

Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone;
But I, forbid it, Heav'n! but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this boſom tear;
Can ne'er ſo far true Royalty pervert,
From its fair courſe to do my people hurt.

With how much eaſe, with how much confidence
As if, ſuperior to each groſſer ſenſe,
Reaſon had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifeſt her will, and be obey'd,
Men make reſolves, and paſs into decrees
The motions of the mind; with how much eaſe
In ſuch reſolves, doth paſſion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!

In empire young, ſcarce warm on Gotham's
throne,
The dangers, and the ſweets of pow'r, unknown
Pleas'd, tho' I ſcarce know why, like ſome young
child,
Whoſe little ſenſes each new toy turns wild;
How do I hold ſweet dalliance with my crown,
And, wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules, which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And, all at once, commence a Patriot King!

But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are ſtak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Muſt from my good or evil conduct flow;

Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep, dark cell,
Where, unsuspected even by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd every passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myself made known?

A Patriot King—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of heav'n, which wears
The nearest, best resemblance we can show
Of God above, thro' all his works below.

To still the voice of Discord in the land,
To make weak Faction's discontented band,
Dejected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies, with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thoughts, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;

Vice, and her sons, to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to show her face,
To bid afflicted Virtue take new share,
And be, at last, acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for Worth, with lib'ral hand to carve;
To love the Arts, nor let the Artists starve;
To make fair Plenty thro' th' Realm increase,
Give fame in War, and happiness in Peace;
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flat'ry ought!
'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to man is giv'n;
'Tis more than Earth, and little short of Heav'n;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be fur'd with down.
With outside show, and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.

The gem they worship which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The Villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to Pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play;
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains; when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,

Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs, enjoys that clean, courſe food
Which, ſeaſon'd with Good Humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide.
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
creeps
Into his ſtraw, and till the morning ſleeps.

Not ſo the King—with anxious cares oppreſs'd
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious Wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of Majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
Even when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, even when compell'd by form
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all her neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when night bids ſleep
Sweet nurſe of Nature, o'er the ſenſes creep;
When Miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains;
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eye grows dim,
That reſt which comes to all comes not to him.
Even at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed,
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.

Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vaſt
ball,
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all,
To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and paſs away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions Lord, ſole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a frown
Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the while,
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)

Enforce that law, 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſe
Can he ſome petty rogue to Juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd Conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his ſcaling eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the State, diſtreſ
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, 'outer's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground.
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair, legal ſway,
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey;
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in virtue, than in pow'r excel.

Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſoul's beſt wiſhes centre there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to thoſe virtues which from Reaſon ſpring,
And grace thē man, join thoſe which grace t
king.

Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend,
And reach to all who on that care depend,

Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my profits in the land;
First (and that method Reason shall support)
Before I look into, and purge my court;
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate.
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains, when your king is just.

Are there, amongst those officers of state,
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm,
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warped from their first intent,
To speak a language which they never meant?
Are there such men, and have the fools depend
On holding me in fetters to their end?
Can they for years, from charges of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust;
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependents of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?

Shall I, true patriot-like, be scar'd with fate,
Have nothing but the name of being great,
Attend at councils which I must not weigh,
Do, what they will, and what they dictate, say,
Enrob'd, and bowing up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Perish the thought!—'tis woeful to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Insults me more, than he, who laugh'd with hell,
Shall die in arms, and gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked statesman, whose false head pursues
A train of guile, who acts with double views,
And wears a double face, whose base designs
Strike at the Monarch's throne, who undermines
Even while he swears his wishes to support,
Who forges all departments, packs a court,
Maintains his agent on the judgment-seat,
To screen his crimes, and make his friends compleat,
New-models armies, and surrounds the throne
Will suffer none, but creatures of his own;
Conscious of such his baseness, will keep spy,
Against the light to shut his sinner's eye,
To keep him cool'd, and fear-armour'd from those,
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his ear.

Attempts like these, well-weigh'd, themselves proclaim,
And, whilst they publish, baulk their Author's aim.

Kings muſt be blind, into ſuch ſnares to run,
Or worſe, with open eyes muſt be undone.
The miniſter of honeſty and truth,
Demands the day to bring his actions forth,
Calls on the ſun to ſhine with fierceſt rays,
And braves that trial which muſt end in praiſe.
None fly the day, and ſeek the ſhades of night,
But thoſe whoſe actions cannot bear the light;
Nor wiſh their king in ignorance to hold,
But thoſe who feel that knowledge muſt unfold
Their hidden guilt, and, that dark miſt diſpell'd,
By which their places and their lives are held;
Confuſion wait them, and, by juſtice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainſt the pit
Where kings have oft been loſt, ſhall I ſubmit
And ruſt in chains like theſe? Shall I give way,
And whilſt my helpleſs ſubjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance ſit down,
Nor dare aſſert the honour of my crown?
When ſtern Rebellion, (if that odious name
Juſtly belongs to thoſe whoſe only aim
Is to preſerve their country, who oppoſe,
In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes,
Who only ſeek their own, and found their cauſe
In due regard for violated laws,)
When ſtern Rebellion, who no longer feels,
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels;
A nation up in arms, tho' ſtrong, not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud

For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men;
How must that king be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of Ignorance?
A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make;
A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.
The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for Knowledge, rests not till inform'd;
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel;
Or can a just excuse from Ign'rance flow
To me, whose first great duty is—to Know?

Hence, Ignorance—thy settled, dull, blank eye
Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reason why—
Hence, Ignorance—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargy of mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul,
Which reason can't convince, nor fear controul;
Which neither arguments, nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing less than utter Ruin teach——
Hence, Ignorance——hence to that depth of night,
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of

light

May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell,
Where monks with superstition love to dwell;
Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be,
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come, Study, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leave seeds of future fruitfulness behind;
Come, Study—painful tho' thy course, and slow,
Thy real worth by the effects we know——
Parent of Knowledge, come——not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall,
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found thy labours can't repay—
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A Rod; in t'other, gaudily array'd,
A Hornbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C——
Nor, Siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms,
Do I call thee, who thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns.

Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy possession ly,
To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place),

I could be ever happy in thy sight,
Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night
Toil on from watch to watch, reading my eye,
Fast rivetted on Science, sleepless sly;
Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
Must I thy sweet society forego,
And to some happy rival's arms resign
Those charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
Where eager love of Science calls, no more
Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before,
No more, the mountain scal'd, the desart trod,
Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses too—for such mean things
Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings—
Farewell, ye Muses.—tho' it cut my heart
Even to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh Morn bade lusty Nature wake;
When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume;
Which all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd;

How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive rhime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air!

When the Sun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things, moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred Dryad liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile;
How we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Pam's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets, which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain;
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an Angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here!

When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to reſume her reign,
With Darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe;

How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
Which stole me from myself, which in fast chains
Of music bound my soul, how oft have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the sky,
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,
Transported with the harmony, stood still!
How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there;
Still heard their music, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
And marr that magic excellence of sound!
Then, Sense returning with return of day,
Have chid the night, which fled so fast away.

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more,
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy sure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never stop to wound my home-spun lays)
With some few friends, and some small share of praise,
Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell, these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait;
Light toys from this day forth I disavow;
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,

Are all engross'd, each private view withstood,
And cast'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my study, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of history turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote,
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame, and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a post which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all her charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some lecher sold,
Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath
Of the rude north, and, timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and cheer'd by milder skies,
Bidsin full splendour all her beauties rise;

The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The Bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs, which
left,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft;
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on Pleasure's silken wing,
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of spring
Unrifled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.
Love of the Stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the Stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing;
Let mine eye, like the light'ning thro 'the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note; be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom time at the desire of fame
Hath spar'd, let virtue catch an equal flame;

From thoſe, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, leſſon'd to diſtill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let theſe great reſearches in my breaſt
A monument of uſeleſs labour reſt;
No—let them ſpread—th' effects let Gotham ſhare,
And reap the harveſt of their Monarch's care;
Be other times, and other countries known,
Only to give freſh bleſſings to my own.

Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful ſuccour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth,
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
Aſſiſt my weakneſs; and direct me right,
From ev'ry ſpeck which hangs upon the ſight,
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To ſpread the ſhades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unweary'd thought,
Try men and things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends,
What are the gen'ral principles, and ends
Of government, how empire firſt began,
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me conſider, as from one great ſource
We ſee a thouſand rivers take their courſe,
Diſpers'd, and into different channels led,
Yet by their Parent ſtill ſupply'd and fed,

That governments, (tho' branch'd out far and wide
In various modes to various lands apply'd)
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main ground-work's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view, the good of man.

Let me find out, by Reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems;
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use;
Let me find too, where, by fair reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace
'Till they seem founded on Perfection's base,
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence, they hasten to decay)
Let me, whilst observation lends her clue,
Step by step, to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those, which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait,
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work;

Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each symptom learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late with'd health to re-inburn,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me (tho' great, grave Brethren of the gown,
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,
Making those jar, whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me, thro' Reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that Religion pry,
Which law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time.
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal,
Which, without knowledge, furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The times have been, when priests have dar'd to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their Monarch's head;
When, whilst they made Religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;
When some soft king, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting, join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock'd piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame.
Fear not, my people, where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—Your king secures you here,

Your king, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of prieſts, the voice of God.

Let me (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their Monarch to behold what they with hid,
And, for the purpoſes of knaviſh gain,
Would have their trade a myſtery remain)
Let me, diſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the ſpirit find,
Till, from the parts, made maſter of the whole,
I ſee the Conſtitution's very ſoul.

Let me (tho' Statesmen will, no doubt, reſiſt,
And to my eyes preſent a fearful liſt
Of men, whoſe wills are oppoſite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to reſign)
Let me (with firmneſs which becomes a king,
Conſcious from what a ſource my actions ſpring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withſtood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low miniſterial ſcenes,
Deſtroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And track them ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
How Places, Penſions, and Preferments go;
Why guilt's provided for, when worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, ſupreme preſide,
And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me (tho' dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and ſwells behind a cloud,
As if the Sun ſhone with leſs powerful ray,
Leſs grace, leſs glory, ſhining ev'ry day;
Tho' when ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
Unbending as a ghoſt, ſhe ſtalks upright,
With ſuch an air as we have often ſeen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen;
Nor, at her preſence, tho' baſe myriads crook
The ſupple knee, vouchſafe a ſingle look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks, which ſpeak a little heart)
Know, (which few kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give:
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate;
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own;
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me;
Be my ears open, as my heart is free;
In full, fair tide, let information flow,
That evil is half-cur'd, whoſe cauſe we know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing,
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my reign

Close up that very moment—— to prevent
The course of Justice, from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest, dearest friends shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—— my soul may bleed,
But nought nor change—— When Justice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a Fav'rite's heart;
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it duty, and I feel it flame.

INDEPENDENCE.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the Bard (tho' few such Bards we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to speak his mind;
Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him fashion cannot tempt, him abject need
Cannot compel, him pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike sail,
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink thro' all the land;

Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen
For the ſupport of great, but guilty men;
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing they call a Lord.

What is a Lord? doth that plain ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? as ſoon as heard,
Like an alarum bell on night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's court doth it unqueſtion'd go
Even on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing, tho' keen, of humour free, tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour, which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſt for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—She gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think,
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
Till they, diſdaining nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,

More fitting Quakey, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things,
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.

A Lord, (nor let the honeſt, and the brave,
The true, old noble, with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; cure'd be that thought of mine,
Which with a B— and F— ſhould Grafton join)
A Lord (nor here let cenſure rudely call
My juſt contempt of fame, abuſe of all;
And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here,)
A mere, mere Lord, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and Title all his fame,
Leaves on another man, himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank,
For ſmuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A Bard owes all to nature and himſelf.

Gods! how my Soul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!

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When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!

And what's the cauſe? why theſe ſame ſons of ſcorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither ſent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine,
Their birthright honours had been your's, or mine.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke; and ſhould the throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith,—that's one of thoſe few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings.
Bards may be Lords; but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.

A Bard—A Lord—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land,
Obſerve which word the people can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit, whether men will truſt
A Bard, becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a Lord will chuſe to riſque their gains,
Tho' Privilege in that point ſtill remains.

A Bard—A Lord—Let Reaſon take her ſcales,
And fairly weigh thoſe words, ſee which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking we the victor deem.

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a ſynod in the ſacred grove;

Gods throng with Gods to take their chairs on high,
And ſit in ſtate, the Senate of the ſky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What they're tranſacting; Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true;
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.

The firſt was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth denied; erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pygmies all; looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
Obſerve, good people, how I ſhake the ſky.

In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote L,O,R,D.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came, retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove
star'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
Good Heav'n bless us all, is that a Lord!

Such was the first—the second was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a different plan;
A bear, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left unlick'd in Scorn;
A Babel, which the power of art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun;
An utter chaos, out of which no might
But that of God, could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to
blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong,
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, tho' by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;

His arms were two twin oaks, his legs so ſtout
That they might bear a manſion-houſe about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Deſign'd by Fate a much leſs weight to bear.

O'er a brown Caſſoc, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A ſight moſt ſtrange and aukward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold.
Juſt at the time of life, when man by rule,
The Fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He ſtarted up a Fop, and fond of ſhow,
Look'd like another Hercules, turn'd Beau.
A ſubject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (envy muſt allow)
Even to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With ſuch accoutrements, with ſuch a form,
Much like a porpoiſe, juſt before a ſtorm,
Onward he roll'd; a laugh prevail'd around,
Even Jove was ſeen to ſimper; at the ſound
(Nor was the cauſe unknown; for, from his youth
Himſelf he ſtudied by the glaſs of truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor ſhall the gods condemn,
If, whilſt they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reaſon view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his ſoul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other ſcale the name of Bard.

Then (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case before-hand knew,
Nor wish'd to know, she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To shew those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt.
She held her scales out fair to public view;
The Lord, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The Bard, preponderating, kept his state.
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree,
Cried—Those must honour them who honour me;
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right precedence shall obtain,
Merit rules here. Be it enough that birth
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth.

Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record:
Search when you will (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in Reason's court.

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire,
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.

By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied to have a croud
Point at me as I pass, and cry,—that's He—
A poor, but honest Bard, who dares be free
Amidst corruption, than to have a train
Of flick'ring levee slaves to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am something more.

Recal past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when he dar'd,
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust;
In the extremest points of justice, just;
Well-knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew;
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain;
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth; gen'rous, but not profuse;
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more;
Deserving those high honours, which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim:
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,

Or Lioness of royal whelps forlone;
In peace, as mild as the departing Sun:
A gen'ral blessing whersoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all.
Recal such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack;
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till envy shall to him that praise allow,
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt;
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise;
But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme:
Titles with me are vain, and nothing worth;
I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
(Tho' none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend;)
I love his Virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a Lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What! shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?

Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of nobility,
A Shred, a Remnant? he might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my leaſt regards
Is treaſon to the Majeſty of Bards.

By Nature form'd (when for her honour's ſake
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour, ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)
The Bard (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphies of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call verſe)
The real Bard, whom native genius fires,
Whom ev'ry maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor bate one inch of his Prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on Arithmetic,
Even whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old cloaths to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His Tyburn bob turn'd to a dress'd bag-wig)
I hear him cry—What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain
Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
To Bethlem with him—give him whips and straw—
I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
A saucy groom who trades in reason, thus
To set himself upon a par with us;
If this here's suffer'd, and if that there fool
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
I've kept a Bard myself these twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears.
He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks
He fetches, and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his muse;
A creature of the right Cameleon hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
Just as I wear them 'tis all one to him,
Whether I change thro' conscience, or thro' whim
Now, this is something like, on such a plan,
A Bard may find a friend in a great man;

But this proud coxcomb——Zounds, I thought that all
Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul.

Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd; curs'd be thoſe,
Thoſe Bards, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But me, but all, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a ſtanding mark of ſhame.

Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me then, that from the birth of Rhime,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport
Even Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court;
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe; had Bards but truly known
That ſtrength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a Lord, unpropp'd, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the Auguſtan age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours Lords are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a Knight.
They mention him as if to uſe his name
Was in ſome meaſure to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, was he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the Fleet.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim—
Virgil, and in the Fleet—forbid it ſhame!
Hence, ye vain boaſters, to the Fleet repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if Lloyd is there?

Patrons, in days of yore, were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in Letters—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And keep their ſecretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for State.

Our Patrons are of quite a different ſtrain;
With neither Senſe nor Taſte, againſt the grain,
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a Bard, juſt as they keep a whore.

M— (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled even to read,
Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed;
Others can write, but such a Pagan hand,
A Willis should always at our elbow stand;
Many, if beggʼd, a Chancellor of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view
Take to themselves the praise to others due;
They rob the very Spital, and make free
With those alas, who've least to spare—we see.
——— hath not had a word to say,
Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.

Patrons in days of yore, like Patrons now,
Expected that the Bard should make his bow
At coming in, and evʼry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never balkʼd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lovʼd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fixʼd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace lovʼd wine, and, thro' his friend at court,
Could buy it off the key in evʼry port;
Horace lovʼd mirth, Mæcenas lovʼd it too;
They met, they laughʼd, as Goy and I may do;
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was Minister, and which was Bard.

Not so, our Patrons—grave as grave can be,
They know themselves, they keep up dignity;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength;
'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for Bards if Patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live;
Such is their language, and their practice such,
They promis'd little, and they give not much.
Let the weak Bard, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot, whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offals fed, to court the cook in rhime;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the second table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at Crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there bards, who on Creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breath in this fair isle
The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs, might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure

From all the outrages of pride, to feast
On Nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (tho' that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)
Diſcard all ſenſe, divorce the thankleſs muſe,
Critics commence, and write in the Reviews;
Write without treaſon, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can ſucceed.

But (not to make a brave and honeſt pride
Try thoſe means firſt, ſhe muſt diſdain when tried)
There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let thoſe, who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lie,
But lawleſs appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own deſires;
Hence our dependence, hence our ſlav'ry ſprings;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
Ourſelves are to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
We may be independent, if we will;
The man who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate,
Stands on an equal footing with the great.
Moguls themſelves are not more rich, and he,
Who rules the Engliſh nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For Bards than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill; they've quite forgot
What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.

Could they, tho' in their sleep, could they but know
The blessings which from Independence flow!
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of Liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song;
But, if some playful child sets wide the door,
Abroad he flies and thinks of home no more,
With love of Liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence—by true Reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some Avarice misleads,
And in both cases Independence bleeds;
Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the sense to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
Like fearful Misers, lock thee in a chest;
Nor have the resolution to produce
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.

Hail Independence—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpi;,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy; by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, thou cam'ſt, tho'
late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail Independence—never may my Cot,
'Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair;
Cotes, whom thou loveſt too, ſhall meet thee there;
All thoughts but what ariſe from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and law ſhall guard the door.

O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door! what
law?
The Law of England—To controul and awe
Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike the ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, Adminiſtration come.

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to ſuffer all ſhe dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride;
I know her ſtrength, but will not change my ſide.
This melting maſs of fleſh ſhe may controul
With iron ribs, ſhe cannot chain my ſoul.
No—to the laſt reſolv'd her worſt to bear,
I'm ſtill at large, and Independent there.

Where is this Miniſter? where is the band
Of ready ſlaves, who at his elbow ſtand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the firſt time, are they ſlow to ill?
When ſome grand act 'gainſt law is to be done,
Doth ——— ſleep; doth bloodhound ——— run
To L———, and worry thoſe ſmall deer
When he might do more precious miſchief here?
Doth ——— turn tail? doth he refuſe to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them law?
Doth ——, at G——d kick'd, from G——d run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his ſon,
And, his more honeſt rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchaſe a burial place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; ——— is ——— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;
——— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great ones till the term in Petto lye?
——— lives, and, to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country—weak and overpow'r'd
By thine own ſons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own intrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed;
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for thee.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom preſents a choice, but faithful band
Of loyal Patriots, men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, men fit to bear

The weight of empires; Fortune, Rank, and Senſe,
Virtue and Knowledge, leagu'd with Eloquence,
March in their ranks; Freedom, from file to file,
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, Why is not Granby here?

O ye brave Few, in whom we ſtill may find
A love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth—in majeſty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your country kneels for aid;
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own:
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for Freedom, or ſhe begs for death—
Fly then, each duteous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the ſiren voice of Eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—a Lion in the ſtreets—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—Concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is your's.

Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the Champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it must—Ye cannot be withstood—
Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good.

THE

POETRY PROFESSORS.

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THE

POETRY PROFESSORS.

Though the following Poem was not publiſhed in Mr Churchill's name; yet, as it is univerſally admitted to be his, it hath been thought proper to annex it to this Edition of his Works.

THE

POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD England has not loſt her pray'r,
And George the Good has got an Heir.
A royal Babe, a Prince of Wales.
—Poets! I pity all your nails—
What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd!
What graduſes be daily ſoil'd:
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!

Now Academics pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy tits;
In vain they whip, and laſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir:
Nor can they reach Parnaſſus' hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, ſhould the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo grave a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
It's ten to one they'd loſe their way,
Tho' not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, ycleped hack,

But fine bred things of mettled blood,
Pick'd from Apollo's royal ſtud,
Greek, Roman, nay Arabian ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
And to come home go round about,
Nor on the green ſward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an Ode;
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips, and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which chink and chime,
And ſo they march—and that is rhime.
Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a butter bill;
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall paſs for Coptic or Phenician.
While ſome, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a Prince of Wales,
Salute the royal Babe in Welſh,
And ſend forth gutturals like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The Pagan gods ſhall viſit earth
To triumph in a Chriſtian's birth;
While claſſic poets, pure and chaſte,
Of trim, and academic taſte,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or ſpeakers, or beholders.
Mars ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble Spain and conquer France;

The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the Hay;
And Venus, with her train of Loves,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of doves,
To bill, to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
Through all the dialects of Greek.
How many ſwains of claſſic breed,
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to town,
To ſing their meaſures up and down;
In notes alternate, clear and ſweet,
Like Ballad-ſingers in a ſtreet!
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From imitating imitation,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For precious fragments in the Greek,
And rob the ſpital, and the waſte,
For Senſe, and Sentiment, and Taſte.

What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian haſh,
With Hebrew roots, and Engliſh traſh,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow, and future uſe!
Fellows! who've ſoak'd away their knowledge,
In ſleepy reſidence at college,
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than juſt to ſet an impoſition,

To cramp, demoliſh, and diſpirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Cenſors, who, in the day's broad light,
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with ſelf begins,
Nor covers others venial ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocriſy inſtead,
As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide;
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a freſhman at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſeven-fold hate)
Lord! that ſuch good and uſeful men
Should ever turn to books again!

Yet matter muſt be gravely plann'd,
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
'Till Lady Muſe is gone to-bed;
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſeful epithet in!

Where the crampt meaſure kindly ſhows,
It will be verſe, but ſhould be proſe;
So, when 'tis neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice ſpruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly ſtand
At ſome ſly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the cheſt, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddeſs;

But canvaſs'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.

Yet muſt theſe ſons of gowned Eaſe,
Proud of the plumage of degrees,
Forſake their Apathy a while,
To figure in the Roman ſtile,
And offer incenſe at the ſhrine
Of Latin Poetry divine.

Upon the throne the Goddeſs ſits,
Surrounded by her bulky wits;
Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
Ainſworthus, Faber, Conſtantine;
And he, who like Dodona ſpoke,
De Sacra Quercu, Holyoake;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of weight;
Here Gradus, full of phraſes clever,
Lord of her treaſury for ever,
With lib'ral hand his bounty deals;
Sir Cento Keeper of the Seals.
Next to the perſon of the Queen,
Old Madam Proſody is ſeen;
Talking inceſſant, altho' dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung,
Of Heroes in the Latin tongue;
Italian, Engliſh, German, French,
Who moſt laborioufly entrench,

In deep parade of language dead,
What would not in their own be read,
Without impeachment of that taſte,
Which Latin Idiom turns to chaſte.
Santolius here, whoſe flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a Roman cloak:
With dull Commirius at his ſide,
In all the pomp of Jeſuit pride,
Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,
A trifler with a ſolemn air:
And there in looſe, unſeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy Loveling too.

'Tis here grave Poets urge their claim,
For ſome thin blaſt of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praiſe,
With half a ſprig of wither'd bays.

O Poet, if that honour'd name
Beſits ſuch idle, childiſh aim;
If Virgil aſk thy ſacred care,
If Horace charm thee, oh! forbear
To ſpoil with ſacrilegious hand,
The glories of the claſſic land;
Nor ſow thy dowlas on the Sattin
Of their pure incorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verſe, ——
What is Fingal but genuine Erſe?
Which all ſublime, ſonorous flows,
Like Harvey's thoughts in drunken proſe.

Hail Scotland, hail! to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the powr's of ſong;

Whether the rude unpoliſh'd Erſe
Stalk in the buckram proſe or verſe,
Or bonny Ramſay pleaſe thee mo',
Who ſang ſae ſweetly aw his woe';
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well?)
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
The happy Lairds ſhall laugh and ſing,
When England's genius droops his wing.
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own Thiſtle choak the Roſe.

But what comes here? methinks I ſee
A walking Univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the Tweed,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While Scotland, from her fertile ſhore,
Cries, On my ſons, return no more.

Hither they haſte, with willing mind,
Nor caſt one longing look behind;
On ten-toe carriage to ſalute,
The King, and Queen, and Earl of Bute.
No more the gallant northern ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of Latin puns;
Nor courſe all languages, to frame
The quibble ſuited to their name;
As when their anceſtors be ve-rs'd,
That glorious Stuart, James the firſt:
But with that elocution's grace,
That oriental flaſhy lace,
Which the fam'd Iriſh Tommy Puff,
Would ſow on ſentimental ſtuff;

Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
Macpherſon leads the flaming van,
Laird of the new Fingalian clan,
While Jackey Home brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion, neat and clear,
Three hundred Engliſh pounds a-year.
Whilſt ſiſter Peg, our ancient friend,
Sends Mac's and Donald's without end;
To George a while they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our North Briton.

Hail to the Thane! whoſe patriot ſkill,
Can break all nations to his will;
Maſter of ſciences and arts,
Mæcenas to all men of parts;
Whoſe foſt'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find us all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled home.
Hail, mighty Thane, for Scotland born,
To fill her almoſt empty horn!
Hail to thy ancient glorious Stem,
Not they from Kings, but Kings from them!

THE END.

THE JOURNEY: A FRAGMENT.

F 8

THE

THE

JOURNEY:

A

FRAGMENT.

SOME of my Friends (for friends I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft under falſe colours fight)
Some of my friends (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will ſcarce admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of genius out,
My no great ſtock, and publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a bankrupt at the laſt.

'The huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
'Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil
'More than a hundred fold; which ſwells his ſtore
'Even to his wiſh, and makes his barns run o'er,

'By long Experience taught, who teaches beſt
'Forgoes his hopes a while, and gives it reſt;
'The land, allow'd its loſſes to repair,
'Refreſh'd, and full in ſtrength, delights to wear
'A ſecond youth, and to the farmer's eyes
'Bids richer crops, and double harveſts riſe.

'Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
'It reaches to the culture of the mind.
'The mind of man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
'Tho' next in pow'r to Gods, continual care.
'Genius himſelf (nor here let Genius frown)
'Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid down,
'And fallow'd well; had Churchill known but
'this,
'Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce could
'miſs,
'He might have flouriſh'd twenty years, or more,
'Tho' now, alas! poor man! worn out in four.'

Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, alas! this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing friend,
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to mend,
Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpite to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to books, and men,
View what is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted, lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd porters,
bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons I ſwear,

No Muſe ſhall tempt me with her ſiren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way.
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a Rhime commend.

It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin,
But e'er I write one ſentence, Verſe creeps in,
And taints me thro' and thro'; by this good light,
In Verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;
If now and then I curſe, my curſes chime,
Nor can I pray, unleſs I pray in rhime.
Even now I err, in ſpite of common ſenſe,
And my confeſſion doubles my offence.

Reſt then, my friends—ſpare, ſpare your precious breath,
And be your ſlumbers not leſs ſound than death;
Perturbed ſpirits reſt, nor thus appear
To waſte your counſels in a ſpendthrift's ear;
On your grave leſſons I cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor even in verſe become œconomiſt;
Reſt then, my friends, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy, in the ſhape of Pity, riſe
To blaſt me e'er my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry ſon of phlegm
Find ample room to cenſure and condemn.
Read ſome three hundred lines, (no eaſy taſk,
But probably the laſt that I ſhall aſk)

And give me up for ever; wait one hour;
Nay, not so much, Revenge is in my pow'r;
And ye may cry, e'er time hath turn'd his glass;
Lo! what we prophesied is come to pass.

Let those, who Poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half a crown well sav'd;
Let those, who love a little gall in rhime,
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
Let those who, void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and such as come of course;
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd journey of a day.

Far from me now be every tuneful maid;
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track;
Nor would I have the sisters of the hill
Behold their Bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of Rhime;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with Wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a Fool.

Let them, though modeſt, Gray more modeſt
woe;
Let them with Maſon bleat, and bray, and cooe;
Let them with Franklin, proud of ſome ſmall
Greek,
Make Sophocles, diſguis'd, in Engliſh ſpeak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodſley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilſt he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers;
Let them, with ſimple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and ſoft, lay Fontenelle aſleep;
Let them with Browne contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living ſick;
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may ſteal and live;
Let them with antic Foote ſubſcriptions get,
And adverti ſe a ſummer-houſe of wit.

Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

If faſhionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With hum'rous Scots let them diſport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy like, round Oſſian's tomb;
Let them forge lies, and hiſtories for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verſe,
Make ſomething like a tragedy in Erſe;

Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil,
Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
Of rueful length: let them plain things obscure,
Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth,
With ev'ry pert, prim prettiness of youth;
Borne of false Taste, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated stile, by Affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought;
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the Tweed;
With words, which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a Bard to war 'gainst common Sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them, with Armstrong, taking leave of Sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence,
Or conn the pages of his gaping day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away;
Where all, but barren labour, was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the Night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge; when, by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead;
Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an Etna burns,

A more than Etna in his coward breaſt,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him reſt.
Tho' ſoft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deſerve, no brave men bear.

Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey All alone proceed.

THE END.

THE

POETICAL

DEDICATION

OF

Churchill's Sermons

TO

W—rb—t—n, Biſhop of G—ft—r.

The following extraordinary Dedication was prefixed to the Author's Sermons; and that the Public may have his Poetical Works complete, it is added to this Edition.

THE

DEDICATION.

HEALTH to great Gloſter—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own;
Accept this greeting—nor let modeſt fear
Call up one maiden bluſh—I mean not here
To wound with flatt'ry—'tis a villain's art,
And ſuits not with the frankneſs of my heart.
Truth beſt becomes an orthodox divine,
And, ſpite of hell, that character is mine;
To ſpeak even bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.

Health to great Gloſter—nor, thro' love of eaſe,
Which all prieſts love, let this addreſs diſpleaſe.
I aſk no favour, not one note I crave,
And, when this buſy brain reſts in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have reſt)
I will not trouble you with one bequeſt.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a ſon,

In that dread hour Executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—to great Gloſter health;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a falſe alarm—in purſe tho' poor,
In ſpirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free;
I, tho' a Dedicator, ſcorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes ſhare;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great ſoul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,
Which never offer'd up at Pow'r's vain ſhrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinſel trumpery of ſtate,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce; names are but empty things;
Degrees are bought, and, by miſtaken kings,
Titles are oft miſplac'd; mitres, which ſhine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unleſs ſet off by Virtue; who deceives
Under the ſacred ſanction of Lawn-ſleeves,
Enhances guilt, commits a double ſin,
So fair without, and yet ſo foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy eaſy mein,
Thy ſweet complacency, thy brow ſerene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambuſh, ly,

Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of Love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul, though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and thro' thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth—for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—
But what is birth, when, to delight mankind,
Heraldry can make those arms they cannot find,
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy alone?
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholsome source thy mind,
Thy known contempt of Persecution's rod,
Thy charity for men, thy love for God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
Which now gives life, and utt'rance to my pen.
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint I praise.
Rais'd by that theme, I soar on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise with-held too long.

Much did I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
Whose sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice;
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should
stray;

Thoſe ſheep, which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear!)
Kept well, yet ſtarv'd himſelf, even at that time,
Whilſt I was pure, and innocent of rhime;
Whilſt, ſacred Dulneſs ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wiſh, though little could I hope,
A friend in him, who was the friend of Pope.

His hand, ſaid I, my youthful ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead me ſafe where thouſands fall beſide;
His temper, his experience ſhall controul,
And huſh to peace the tempeſt of my ſoul;
His judgment teach me, from the critic ſchool,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Inſtruct me, mingling profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakeſpeare was not right;
Where they are juſtly prais'd, and where thro' whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the ſlavery of common rules,
Of common-ſenſe, of modern, ancient ſchools,
Thoſe feelings baniſh'd which miſlead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better ſomething, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might ſhew me what is Taſte, by what is not:
By him ſupported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beſide:
He (ſhould a world, perverſe and peeviſh grown,
Explode his maxims, and aſſert their own,)

Might teach me, like himſelf, to be content,
And let their folly be their puniſhment;
Might, like himſelf, teach his adopted ſon,
'Gainſt all the world, to quote a Warburton.

Fool that I was, could I ſo much deceive
My ſoul with lying hopes? could I believe
That he, the Servant of his Maker ſworn,
The ſervant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of ſouls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waſte his precious time,
On which ſo much depended, for a rhime?
Should he forſake the taſk he undertook,
Deſert his flock, and break his paſt'ral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heav'n!) ſo high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muſe's hill,
Let the ſalvation of mankind ſtand ſtill?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be ſuch revolt from Grace, and far from me
The will to think it—Guilt is in the thought—
Not ſo, not ſo, hath Warburton been taught;
Not ſo learn'd Chriſt—Recall that day well-known
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blaſphemers forth—Methinks I now
See ſtern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal, and Chriſtian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror every ſinner's ſoul—

In vain they ſtrive to fly—flight cannot ſave,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conſcious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him in his own defence,
Bear witneſs to himſelf; whilſt all men knew,
By Goſpel-rules, his witneſs to be true.

O glorious Man, thy zeal I muſt commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes muſt the juſtice of that anger own;
And, could thy boſom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himſelf, in turn had pitied you.

Bred to the law, you wiſely took the gown,
Which I, like Demas, fooliſhly laid down.
Hence double ſtrength our Holy Mother drew:
Me ſhe got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle Truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Graſping at ſhadows, let the ſubſtance ſlip:
But you, my Lord, renounc'd attorneyſhip
With better purpoſe, and more noble aim,
And wiſely play'd a more ſubſtantial game.
Nor did law mourn, bleſt in her younger ſon,
For Mansfield does what Gloſter would have done.

Doctor, Dean, Biſhop, Gloſter, and My Lord,
If haply theſe high titles may accord
With thy meek ſpirit, if the barren ſound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmoſt round

Of Fortune's ladder got, deſpiſe not One,
For want of ſmooth hypocriſy undone;
Who, far below, turns up his wand'ring eye,
And, without envy, ſees thee plac'd ſo high:
Let not thy brain (as brains leſs potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and loſe diſtinction, loſe her ſkill,
And wonted pow'rs of knowing good from ill,
Of ſifting truth from falſhood, friends from foes,
Let Gloſter well remember how he roſe;
Nor turn his back on men who made him great:
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with ſtate,
Forget what once he was, though now ſo high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

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* * Cetera deſunt.

It is preſumed the ſudden death of the Author will ſufficiently apologize for the Dedication remaining unfiniſhed.

J. CHURCHILL.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

8 JA 67